Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXIV. WELLESLEY, OCTOBER 7, 1915. NO. 1.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Friday, October 8. Business meeting of Debating Club.

Sunday, October 10. 11.00 A.M., Houghton Memorial Chapel. Preacher: Dr. J. Douglas Adam of Hartford.

7.00 P.M. Vespers. Special music.

Wednesday, October 13. Christian Association meetings: Billings Hall, 7.30 P.M. Leader: Mary Eliza Clark, 1913. Subject: "Not What but Whom."

St. Andrew's Church, 7.15 P.M. Leader: Lomie Smith, 1916. Subject: "Be Ye Perfect."

Friday, October 15. Lecture by Lady Gregory, 8.00 P.M., Billings Hall.

Tuesday, October 19. College Pay Day.

TOWER COURT.

The pile of bricks and stone which we left last spring, has grown, during the summer, into an impressive building, such as its name, Tower Court, would naturally conjure up. Tower Court, the first building of our "New Wellesley," has been erected on College Hall Hill, a little north of the site of College Hall. It is built in the style of late collegiate Gothic architecture, designed by the architects Carlson and Coolidge, and it is estimated that the cost of the building, including the furnishings of the public rooms (which are also furnished by the unknown donor of the building), will reach $450,000. This building is the dominating center of a group, the east and west wings of which are still to be built on either side of the Tower wings, and which are to be connected with Tower Court by beautiful cloisters.

As the name suggests, Tower Court is built with an open court and a lofty tower. The court faces toward the lake and the tower rises from the sixth floor of the central part of the building high above the five stories of the wings. And over the central part there is also, incidentally, a space of flat roof from which one may get such a view of the lake as one has not had since the days of College Hall. The woodwork and furniture of the building are all of fumed oak and the walls are covered with burlap of the same tone as the woodwork. Living in Tower Court are one hundred and ninety-five students and twelve members of the staff, who testify to the beauty of the furnishings as well as to the comfort added to college life by full-length mirrors, cork stair and hall floors, casement windows, copper screens and window seats, not to mention the great value of the window seats for storage chests. The kitchenette provided for each corridor, extends promise of future convenience—when the electric connections are completed.

Although the living-room, dining-room, kitchen and the several little parlors are in various stages of incompletion, they already show themselves worthy the name of the building. The kitchen and pantries are the last word in efficiency, so far as we can see, and so we are told by those who know. The simplicity of the dining-room is relieved by the beautiful fireplace at one end of the room, and by the Wellesley blue "W's" carved above each doorway, and on the back of each chair. The fact that the tables are small, each seating only seven, is also a point of interest and one deserving commendation.

The living-room, which is located directly above the dining-room, and between the two entrance halls, is especially interesting with its striking fireplace, decorative wood-carving, the little alcoves on each side, and the balconies supported by Egyptian pillars. The fireplace, in its perfect proportions and wonderful Gothic lines, is not only beautiful, but notable as an artistic production, and the Wellesley motto above it endears it to all Wellesley. The beautiful hand-carved woodwork which is used extensively throughout the first floor rooms, is all symbolic. Set in the windows are stained glass reproductions of the seals of the women's colleges and also of Christ's College, Emmanuel College, Harvard and Wellesley. Seals of Wellesley's presidents are set in the windows of Miss Davis' office, which is at the left of the entrance hall toward the east. The windows of the little west parlor, and of two reception rooms, one of which opens from each entrance hall, are decorated with the seals of the Wellesley societies. The furnishing of several of these smaller rooms is almost completed, and serves to indicate that the movable furnishings will equal the splendor of the exterior, and of the wall decorations within. But to remind us of the serious purpose of Wellesley, and of the democracy which is one of our most cherished ideals, there are two inscriptions "Know thy work and do it," and "There is no wealth but life." And if these become an intimate part of the life of our "New Wellesley," we shall be able always to recognize our College, however great the changes the next few years will bring.

HOW COLLEGE OPENED.

The Village Committee started things a-whirling for the Freshmen during their first week of College, and found a spirited response in every activity. There were song practices at which our new class learned the College favorites. Several lectures were given in the evening. Everyone pitched into athletics with a vim that earned a good name for 1919. Christian Association gave a festive tea on the green, with a victrola at the heart of the gaiety, Chapel services began early in the week. The Freshmen certainly opened the College this year.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION RECEPTION.

The whole College gathered at the Barn, on Saturday evening, September 25, to greet the Freshmen and to renew the spirit of fellowship among all the classes. The traditional cards were crammed with signatures of upper classmen, friends of each hostess. Mary Torrence, president of the association, gave a hearty welcome, especially to the members of 1919. President Pendleton, after greeting the new members of Christian Association, expressed a hope that all would share immediately in the feeling of friendship that is characteristic of Wellesley, and Adelaide Ross, president of Athletic Association, complimented the Freshman class on its readiness to show athletic spirit, a proof of its coming loyalty in that department of College activity.

BARNSWALLOW RECEPTION.

From summer migrations in far-away lands, the Barnswallows flocked once more to the shelter of the old Barn and on Saturday, October 2, welcomed there a new brood of swallows. The Barn was most attractively decorated with green boughs, festoons of pines and green lanterns. Marjorie Luley, the president of Barnswallows, welcomed the newcomers to the fun and good fellowship of the Barn and introduced the guests of honor, Miss Tufts and Miss Davis in the afternoon, and Miss Pendleton and Miss Waite in the evening. After short speeches by these good Barnswallows, the dancing began. It seemed as if the Barn had never held so great a crowd. As Miss Pendleton put it, we could hardly be said to be in the position of Alice in Wonderland, who once complained that it was "always jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day," since we were quite sure that there was jam and plenty of it just at that moment. Of course, the Barn wouldn't be the Barn if it weren't crowded. One sometimes wonders, however, if some plan could not be made which would do away with the disorder which reigns when the affair is over and each one struggles wildly for the possession of her own coat. However, in spite of these minor difficulties, the evening was a most enjoyable one and the new Barnswallows of 1919 were given a right royal welcome.

FIRE CAPTAINS.

Fire captains have been elected as follows in the various houses:

Fiske—Margaret Tallmadge.
Norumbega—Frances Wright.
Beebe—Esther Carle.
Cazenove—Patricia Morse.
Pomeroy—Margaret Jones.
Stone—Ruth Buck.
Freeman—Anna Longaker.
Wood—Lillian Reynolds.
Wilder—Mary Budd.
Shafer—Susan Sherman.
Tower Court—Janet Doe.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEETING.

The first Student Government meeting of the College year was held Thursday afternoon, September 30, in Houghton Memorial Chapel. After a prayer by Mary Torrence, President Pendleton gave a short address, extending her greetings to the new students, and expressing anew her confidence in the student body as a whole. The telegrams from previous presidents and vice-presidents were received with the usual enthusiasm, which was, however, somewhat subdued because of the place of meeting. The telegrams were from Sally Eustis Cameron, Constance Eustis, Isadore Douglas Coyle, Helen Cross, Marie Hill, Marjorie Day, Ruth Hoyt, Margaret Elliott and Rachel Davis. Following the reading of the telegrams was what might be called the inaugural address of Edith Jones. She called to our minds the responsibilities attached to the privilege of self-government, and urged strongly that we keep constantly before us the ideals of Student Government founded, as it was, "on principles of freedom, by women of honor."

After the various routine business which followed this "address" had been disposed of, different aspects of the extent of Student Government appeared. Regular chapel attendance was strongly and forcefully urged; special attention was called to the ink bill rendered by the library last semester and the urgency of immediate report of spots made was emphasized by Katharine Balderston; Amy Rothchild's speech on the annual topic: "Grass," was delivered with a humor that will cause a lasting impression on her audience; and the need of the College enthusiasm, not only in the intercollegiate debate, but in the debating club, was the subject of Ruth Miner's talk. After an enthusiastic eulogy of 1919 by Ruth Rand, the meeting was adjourned.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On Friday, October 15, Lady Gregory will speak on "The Irish Literary Movement." The place will be Billings Hall. A small admission price will be asked.

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HELLO, 1919!

Most of the big organizations in college have already greeted you, 1919. They've come around to your rooms, and left neatly printed cards that you are to fill in with financial remarks, or they have stood in the shade of the sheltering Barn palms and told you, in person, of the joy with which your presence fills them. The NEWS isn't leaving calling-cards for you, and it isn't a Barn orator—even if it could speak in public, it hasn't an evening dress to wear—but its welcome is none the less hearty. We are glad you're here, 1919. Really, we couldn't live without you.

That sounds extravagant, perhaps, when we've only just met one another. But it is literally true. The NEWS isn't a paper that belongs to the Senior Class, or to the editorial staff, or to the reporters—it belongs to you. It is a long-distance telephone, at your service. President Pendleton, at the Student Government meeting, told us of the group of Wellesley women who talked from Boston to San Francisco. "A fine thing," you say. Then doesn't it thrill you, just a little, to know that the NEWS will print your worth-while thoughts, and that those very thoughts will be read all the way from Wellesley to far Cathay?

And so the NEWS greets you heartily, 1919, as potential readers, writers, and—subscribers.

RACHEL DAVIS' LETTER.

There are some people who can say the things other people want to say very much better than the other people can. That is why we are printing the Rachel Davis letter to our Student Government Association. Rachel Davis knows what Student Government means, the trust that it is, and the privilege, and the responsibility that the trust and the privilege involve. And because she has seen so clearly, so steadily "the vision" of what Student Government may be,—must be,—she can help us, too, to see.

Erie, Pa., September 26, 1915.

Dear Wellesley Student-Governors:—You've no idea how homesick for Wellesley I feel at this minute. If I could only peek in on your first meeting, just to see how you all look—whether 1916's caps and gowns are becoming, and whether 1919 is as nice as 1918. But I'll have to take all that for granted and send you my message, which is so much love and loyalty that there's hardly room in it for the admonitions I know it's my duty to give you. If I could only think of some way, some new way, to say the old, old things you're so tried of hearing, but which are so true that you take them for granted and forget them.

You wouldn't want any other kind of government than student government—and yet you can never have student government—that is, self-government, until every one of you pitches in with all her might and main to make it. And don't think you're giving up your own pleasure for a set of red-tape rules that nearly give you brain-fever when you first read the Grey Book; you're really making everything happier and safer for yourself and your neighbor. And if you came to college expecting to get big ideals and to mold your character into the best sort of person you were ever meant to be, then here's one of the biggest ideals in the wide world, masquerading under loyalty to an association, an Executive Board and a Grey Book—it's the true Christian ideal of learning to live not for your own convenience, but for the convenience and progress of the whole community where you are. If you're able to see just that thing, and to say once in a while, "I could do that thing alone, but we can't all do it, so I won't do it," then I'm not worried about Edith Jones' sleeping nights, and I'm not worried about the prospect of a Student Government run by a few faithful souls who have seen the vision, and evaded by everybody else. But you must all promise to do that, or it won't work—and oh, it must work. Student Government can't fail at this stage, because it has too many loyal hearts back of it, and too many willing hands have worked hard for it during all its fourteen years of existence. If everybody who has worked for it in the past loves it as I do, I can say truly "shield it, love it, nourish it, for it is dear to many." It's a trust that has been handed down to you—don't fail us.

Good luck, '16, in your "high place," and dear '17, be good to our newest citizens and your sisters '19 and '18, be true to what your village Seniors tried so hard to bring you. 1919 I'm not worrying about, for they have Edith Jones and Ruth Rand and all you rest to help them see. With my love and best wishes,

RACHEL DAVIS.

"ROAR LIKE A—ROOSTER!"

It was at a college settlement summer camp, and a game was being played. The game had a very undignified name, and it consisted in a blindfolded little girl's twirling 'round in the middle of a circle of other little girls, pointing in the direction of some portion of the circle, and requesting, for purposes of identification, the individual composing that portion, to "bark like a dog," or "mew like a cat," or produce some other sound as designated. Little Katy in the middle, twirled on one foot, pointed one unescapable finger to the fore, and commanded slowly, impressively, "Roar like a—rooster!"

That is the end of the story. If you aren't interested in moral applications don't read any more, for what follows is one. To "roar like a—rooster" is such an expressive phrase, expressive of a sort of thing we are very prone to do. We are roaring like roosters when we make a big fuss about something, a derogatory kind of fuss, and then cease without mentioning a single constructive item. One might expect, sometimes, from the amount of energy put into it, a full-grown roar that would, at least, make people sit up and think about remedying matters, and all that happens is a high-pitched, squeaky crow, that merely calls attention to us,—and to its squeakiness. Now, critisicm is a valuable thing, and there is no progress without change. But, until we have something better to offer to fill the place of that which we would destroy, that for which a great many people have worked, perhaps, to which they have given intelligent and conscientious thought, it is the part of wisdom, and of common sense, and of kindness, to do a lot of meditating prior to any ravaging lingual outburst.

And we are doing the same sort of thing when we talk or plan seriously, sanely, thoughtfully, about something, decide in so far as we can, what the right in the given case is, make large-sized, enthusiastic resolutions, and then—not exactly lose our enthusiasm for what is very likely the harder way, but just lay aside our convictions, temporarily, when such disposal suits our convenience or our pleasure. Convictions, ideals, were made to live by; and they aren't much good to us, nor to the world in general, if we let them get out of our sight, ever. The results of the laying aside, in the actual accomplishment of very little, where, with steadier purpose, very much might have been done, are not in keeping with the vision that has been, nor with the opportunity that the vision gave.

If we're going to roar at all, let's do the real thing,—let's roar like—lions!

THE WOMEN AT THE HAGUE.

Late comers were unable to find seats in Billings Hall on Friday evening, October 1, when Professor Emily Greene Balch talked on "The Women at the Hague." As the delegate from the Wellesley branch of the Women's Peace Party, as well as from the national party, Miss Balch was one of the American delegation to the conference at the Hague last spring; and her personal account of the movement was most interesting.

Agreeing not to discuss the purpose of the present war, the congress convened on the basis of two planks: The belief in suffrage for women, and the belief that international disagreements should be settled in a peaceful way. The delegations gathered in the hall at the zoological gardens, and from about two thousand women who assembled each day, there were from twelve to fifteen hundred voting members. Though full of latent emotion, there occurred no emotional display; but with quiet reason and will, the congress worked on a basis of what had been accomplished before

The object of the congress was, of course, to try to see what can be done to obviate war. Though it was eager to have the present war closed as soon as possible on a just basis, yet the proposed truce clause was voted down.

The groups of women assembled from most of the neutral and belligerent countries. The picturesque Belgian group was most interestingly described by Miss Balch. Of the twenty women whom England allowed to go, only three arrived in time for the conference, due to government delays; but there were fifty Americans, twenty-eight Germans, one thousand Dutch, nine Hungarians, six Austrians, one Italian, two Canadians, besides a group from Sweden, Denmark and Norway. A vote was taken in favor of the Wisconsin plan of mediation, and a permanent organization was formed, which is planning another great congress of women for the time when the terms of peace are arranged.

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Miss Balch then gave a short sketch of her trip into the Scandinavian countries and her interviews with the influential governmental officials. In closing she made reference to Miss Addams' much discussed speech, which was reported as impugning the courage of the soldiers of to-day, and assured her audience that nothing derogatory to the soldiers had been said by Miss Addams.

MLLE. DOBY'S LETTER.

The NEWS has received the following letter from Mlle. Doby, formerly an instructor in French at Wellesley, at present secretary at the Maison Francaise of Columbia University. Mlle. Doby took an active part in the direction of War Relief work at Wellesley last year and it is to be hoped that even in her absence the girls will heartily support her.

New York, September 27, 1915.

DEAR WELLESLEY STUDENTS:—A twofold object impels me to write this letter since I cannot this fall speak directly to you, as I should well have preferred.

First of all, I want to acknowledge once more the good will and generosity with which you answered my appeal for clothes last winter. Some delay occurred in the giving out of the garments, owing mainly to the great number of cases that had to wait in Havre, that port being used as headquarters by the Belgian government and British Commissariat. All has now, however, been received at the Secours National in Paris and again sent out as needs directed. I wish all those of you who are interested in organizations for war relief could have with me seen the impressive sight which quickened my gratitude to my American friends.

Imagine the huge stone galleries of the Musee du Louvre where Greek and Roman statuary used to stand, now turned into the geometrical sechoris of a storage building. First, several hundred wooden boxes, many of which came from the States, marked with labels such as this: Twenty medium-sized women's outfits, twenty rugs, twenty sheets and so on. This is the completed part of the work. Those cases are ready to go to the invaded part of France—then, farther, shacks lined with shelves are methodically fitted with different pieces of clothing, all labelled according to use. "We have everything that can be imagined," the boy scout who was taking me round said, "from pocket combs and peroxyde to rugs and furniture—but we have great difficulties in securing linen of any kind." I came out feeling grateful that man had not forsaken his fellowman and had devised ways to alleviate the sufferings of the weary winter that is to come.

Thank you for the help you gave. I wanted to assure you that it had not been wasted. Will you make your splendid sympathy of last year still more beautiful—for perseverance alone gives charity and kindness their full value? I am now coming to the great hope that is in my mind while I write to you. Allow me to tell you of one particular case where you could do at once and directly an immense amount of good, without going through all the "red tape" that necessarily encumbers help organized on a big scale. I know of six hundred small Belgian children who are stranded in the north of France. These children, some of whom do not even know their names, have almost exactly nothing but a few rags. The villagers around are not very much better off. Will you help us give clothes to a few of them, now? Any little garments for boys or girls between three and eight would be most appreciated and acknowledged by one of your countrywomen in whose name I write and who has done wonderful work in the Dinard Hospital. If you do send any parcels addressed: Duryea, Care War Relief Clearing House, 150 Bank St., New York, bearing the word Children, and your name and address, you will receive a letter from Mrs. Duryea telling you how the things are used.

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With all sympathy and good wishes from

MADELEINE H. DOBY.

THE VERY FIRST BARN PARTY.

On Tuesday evening, September 21, the members of 1919 and some few of their friends experienced the delights of a foretaste of the good times in the Barn. They were greeted by an orchestra whose instruments ranged from combs to tennis racquets. Their various styles of head-gear, strangely resembling wastebaskets adorned with roses and even little tin cups, and their smooth mustachios betrayed their dramatic instincts. A thrilling melodrama formed the more serious part of the evening's entertainment. The he-ro and the she-ro, not to speak of the villain, the villainness, the parents, and the baby, valiantly spelled their way through a ballroom scene, a house scene, a scene amidst the horrors of an opium den, and a grand final scene in the Waldorf Astoria. Then came the proper ending, of dancing and pink sherbet.

ABOUT CAMPUS.

The College Bookstore is installed in a compact fungus, grown over summer on the passage between Billings and Music Hall. It is really a nice bookstore—large, light and well-shelved.

The NEWS has moved—or is moving the moment this goes to press—into the abandoned bookstore in the Chapel basement.

Those who are addicted to pneumonia will be pleased to hear that the puddlesome brick walk in front of the "Elevator Table" has been replaced by a high-and-dry concrete walk.

Domestic arrangements at Tower Court, these days, are impromptu, to say the least. Morning, lunch-time and evening, the girls flock out to the four corners of the campus for their meals. They are farmed out among the other houses, in groups of ten or more. The Sophomores, who live in Lake House, and many of the Tower Court girls, take their meals at the Little Cafe in G. L. R. It is hoped that the marvellous electric kitchen will soon be in condition to electrocute.

Norumbega has been newly-painted resplendent white. During the first week of college, a mother wanted to know if she couldn't stay on campus—she was sure that white building on the Hill was a summer hotel. Well—some are hotels, and some are not.

LIBRARY CHANGES.

As usual a number of changes for the sake of improved service have taken place in the library during the vacation. The author and subject cards in the catalogue have been combined in one alphabet, and this arrangement has already proved a great convenience.

The accumulation of current periodicals, far beyond what our present magazine cases in the reading-room can accommodate, has been partially provided for by the use of shelves in the cupboards in this room. Those nearest the door on either side contain the most used German and French periodicals; most of those of interest to students of zoology and biology are in the cupboard on the east side of the room, while a selection of those devoted to philosophy and psychology is in the cupboard on the opposite wall. It has also been decided to keep the more ephemeral pamphlet material concerning the war in another of these cupboards, leaving only books and official publications on the so-called "war shelf" near the loan desk in the delivery room. All these cupboards will be

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th

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marked plainly on the outside and a list of the periodicals contained in each one will be found on the inside of the door.

Current periodicals not provided for in the reading-room will be found on the shelves in the first stack room just to the left of the door from the delivery room. Though this is a somewhat inconvenient place owing to the narrow space for standing room, it is the best the library can afford until the new addition is completed.

A great many new books have been received during the summer and will be catalogued and placed on the shelves as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile they are accessible for reserved shelves and temporary use by members of the Faculty or students who need them.

Shipments of books have been received from England, but books from the continent unless obtainable in England or the United States are very difficult to get, though some French orders have been received.

THE WELLESLEY CHOIR.

One hundred and twenty girls "tried out" for the choir this fall. Of these thirty-two were Juniors, thirty-three were Sophomores and fifty-five were Freshmen.

The new members chosen are: First sopranos, Louise Holcomb, '19, Eleanor Schmeizer, '18, Elizabeth Young, '19, and Ethel Ziglatzki, '19; Second sopranos, Emma Barrett, '17, Margaret Conant, '19, Elsa Graefe, '18, Clemenrel Lay, '19 and Esther Parks, '18; Altos, Grace Ewing, '18, Marjorie Howes, '17, Anna Mantz, '17, Anna J. Morse, '18, Mildred Perkins, '19 and Marian Scudder, '17.

FIRST SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

The chapel was well filled Sunday morning, September 28, when Dean Shailer Matthews spoke from the text which Mr. Durant meant Wellesley to know and to live: "God is love."

The beatitudes and other writings of the New Testament are commonly called the gospel. The real "good news" is that "God is love." The so-called gospels are merely instructions for people who act on this primary assumption. We must realize that love is in the world. And in recognizing the presence of love we must see that it is something higher than ourselves and also something personal. When we see this we must surely act upon it. Many people who realize that God is do not realize that He is love. This arises from the fact that people think of God as a Creator, as a Great Being, who should look after us instead of as a being who is love. What we need is to think deeply and then to act.

SUNDAY SERVICE, OCTOBER 3.

The Sunday morning sermon was preached by Dr. Edward Sanderson of Brooklyn, New York, on the text, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Most Christians, said Dr. Sanderson, take their religion on hearsay. They profess faith in a God revealed to others, but do not consider possible a personal revelation to themselves. Such a faith, based on the testimony of others, is not worth having. But, setting aside preconceived ideas about God, what have we left from which to build a vital religion? All of us have experienced the feeling, 'I ought,'—we have all felt the imperious challenge of ideals, the haunting appeal of another's need. Whence this feeling of obligation to do what our intellect says is right—to work out ideals, to serve others? What is this power within us—at war with our selfish personal aims, whose reconciliation with our own selves gives the 'peace that passeth understanding?' It is called by various names—God, Christ, 'the inner light,' the Holy Spirit. But whatever the name, if this be not what we mean by God, then we shall never know Him. And a soul that yields obedience to the insistent cry from within, a soul that is at one with this power within itself, yet greater than itself, has found the Kingdom of Heaven—within itself.

VESPERS, OCTOBER 3.

At chapel, Sunday evening, October 3, Dr. J. P. MacNaughton spoke on the conditions in Asia Minor and the work of the American Board in that field. Beginning with the statement of the great debt owed by Christian nations to Turkey, the birthplace of Christianity, Mr. MacNaughton told of the efforts of the American Board to meet this obligation by carrying back to this land something of the light which Christianity brings. The work has been, for the most part, with the Armenians. Among this strong, intelligent people the work went steadily onward until within a year or so. There were 25,000 pupils in the American schools in Turkey. To-day this work seems to have been swept away. The uncontrollable religious frenzy of the Mohammedans has been once more roused and, in obedience to the Koran, the Turks are ruthlessly massacring the unbelieving Armenians. There never was a time when missionaries in Turkey were so greatly in need of all the assistance that can be had, in order that they may, in some measure, at least, relieve the terrible suffering among this unfortunate people.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION MEETING.

A joint meeting of the Wellesley College Christian Association was held in the Houghton Memorial Chapel on Wednesday evening, September 29. The service was conducted by President Pendleton. She reminded her hearers of the complexity of college life and the temptations and trials that it brings, contrary to the opinion held by the outside world. We are united, however, by the sameness of our aims and interests, and this fact makes it easier for us to form new habits. We are continually doing new things, so Miss Pendleton urged the community to strive for a higher progress in spiritual matters, to have a deeper and intenser religious experience that alone is able to uplift and strengthen in the pursuit of that "high calling" to which we all aspire.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—IN STYLE.

Mother of a Newly-arrived, anxious to do the right thing by daughter: I beg your pardon, you're a Senior, aren't you?

Senior: No, (looking down at her gown, up at her tassel, she corrects herself), I mean yes.

Mother: Then, you can tell me—are rose-colored sweaters and white skirts the required Wellesley uniform?

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PLYMOUTH THEATER.

The Plymouth Theater, Boston, opens on Thursday evening, October 7 with "Back Home," a dramatization of Irving Cobb's Judge Priest stories. The play form was made by Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law." It is a vigorous, forceful plot that Mr. Veiller has woven about him, and none of the delicious quaintness of the principal character has been lost in the stage version. The regular matinees will be on Thursdays and Saturdays, including an extra one on Columbus Day. Seats are now on sale, including the two performances on Columbus Day, and mail orders will be given careful attention.

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THE DEATH OF DIGNITY.

A Tragedy in Four Acts.

Act I.

Scene: Inside of library. 1919A and 1919B are standing in perplexed attitude before the door of the Lit. room.

1919A: "I'm sure this is a private room for upper classmen. I don't think we'd better go in."

1919B: "I suppose not. But the large room is full. What shall we do?".

1919A: "Ssh! Here comes an upper classman now. We must act dignified and not let her know we are Freshmen."

(As 1919 speaks, Dignity, of portentious mein, hovers in the background. The Freshmen draw themselves up and gaze nonchalantly at the ceiling. The upper classman approaches.)

Upper classman: "Hello! you're Freshmen, aren't you? Well, it's perfectly safe for you to venture into the Lit. room. No, don't thank me; I had the same trouble when I was young." (Smiles benevolently and vanishes into the stacks.)

1919A and B (together): "How did she know?"

(Dignity, with crushed expression, slowly fades into space.)

(Curtain.)

Act II.

Scene: In front of library. 1918A and 1918B are conversing in raptured tones.

1918A: "It's such fun to be a Sophomore at last, and be able to lord it over the Freshmen."

1918B: "Yes, isn't it! And here comes one now. Let's be very dignified and make her think we are Seniors or at least Juniors."

(Dignity, with haughty air, stalks behind 1918. The Freshman approaches timidly.)

Freshman: "Excuse me, you're Sophomores, aren't you? Can you tell me where I can buy a second-hand Math book?"

(Dignity wavers, and disappears.)

(Curtain.)

Act III.

Scene: Anywhere on campus. 1917A and 1917B are strolling arm in arm.

1917A: "Doesn't it make you feel motherly to have a little sister class?"

1917B: "Yes! and here comes a Freshman now. We must make a good impression."

(Dignity appears from among the trees, accompanying the two Juniors, who fairly ooze benignness.)

1917A and B: "Hello, 1919! We'd like to introduce ourselves. We're 1917. Is there anything we can show you?"

Stranger (coldly): "Thank you, but I think not. I am a graduate of 1910 and a member of the Faculty. I think I can find my way about."

(Dignity shrinks in stature and fades away.)

Act IV.

Scene I.

Scene: Anywhere on campus. The youthful-looking Senior speaks.

Senior: "It's so funny the way every one seems to know that we are the Seniors. Why even the Freshmen can tell us at once."

(Dignity, unseen by the Senior, but with a self-satisfied air, steps out of the shadows. A Freshman approaches.)

Freshman: "Hello! I was to tell all the Freshmen I met that we are going to practise for the serenade at 4.15. Be sure to come, won't you?"

(Senior turns and starts for her dormitory. Dignity, with outraged expression, follows her at a distance.) (Curtain.)

Scene II.

Scene: In front of youthful-looking Senior's dormitory. Door opens and the Senior in cap and gown comes out, accompanied by Dignity.)

Senior: "The idea of being taken for a Freshman! I'm just going to wear my cap and gown all the time until people realize what I am."

(Dignity tosses its head angrily. An Alumna hails the Senior.

Alumna: "Goodness me, child, but you look funny!" (Laughs heartily and long). "Your tassel is over your right eye and your cap is on 'hind side before. And look at the tapes on your gown! Why don't you tie them? Oh you funny infant! You look like a Freshman masquerading!"

(Dignity wavers, stumbles, grows crimson and then pale. With a gasp and groan it falls on the grass, quite dead.) (Curtain.)

HOW FAR?

"Make way for Upper Classmen,"
(Including Sophomores too;)
These chilly words thus spoken,
Tell what we have to do.
But may I ask a question?
(For I am much in doubt;)
How far must we poor creatures
At your command turn out?
To-day I met some Sophomores,
(Oh, much engrossed in talk;)
Their look at me said plainly,
"Nineteen, get off the walk!"
I turned aside a little,
I brushed them with my skirt—
Their eyes flashed out the warning—
"Get down and lick the dirt!"
I've wondered ever since then
(Altho' inclined to smile,)
Must I stand in the gutter,
Or run about a mile.
Whene'er I meet a Senior
Or Junior, 'round about,
Or Sophomore? Now please tell me,
How far must we turn out?

H. W. D., 1919.

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AN OPPORTUNITY.

Miss Balch has requested that we print the following letter which came to her from Miss Westcott of the Neighborhood House in Jamaica Plain.

Jamaica Plain Neighborhood House, 101 Carolina Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Thursday, September 23, 1915.

My dear Miss Balch:—Do you know of any Wellesley graduate, of recent years, who might volunteer a year's residence and help at the Neighborhood House this year? The young woman I had arranged with, is forced to give it up, as she must be earning money. The Neighborhood House is a small settlement; on that account, one who lives here and assists for a year is able to gain an all-around experience that is almost impossible in the large, more organized houses. The neighborhood is almost a rural type and that, of itself, is a situation that is attracting an increasing amount of attention. Also, since Jamaica Plain is part of Boston, officially, we have all the city opportunities for municipal co-operation. There is a certain amount of routine club and class work at the house, which makes a good first contact, both with the neighborhood and the inexperienced volunteer. The opportunity is varied enough to find a place for almost any temperament, provided there was interest in social problems. Our living is simple, we have a pleasant little flat a few doors from the Neighborhood House. We contribute twenty-five dollars each per month; this covers all expenses, laundry, guests, etc. Occasionally, we share an unusual house expense, but this is rare. It is a normal living in the neighborhood and helps greatly to keep sound and true the democratic ideal of the Neighborhood House.

I have written quite at length, thinking that it might be more easy to suggest some one, if the circumstances were definitely understood. If you have any suggestion to make, I would be very grateful, indeed, as we want to make a start of the year's work as close to October first as possible. I hope there will be some Wellesley girl interested. Thanking you for your interest,

Sincerely,

Ella Westcott.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN SUFFRAGE?

Wanted:—Volunteer singers for mixed chorus at suffrage mass meeting, Mechanics Hall, Saturday, October 16, 5-6, P.M., immediately following Suffrage Victory Parade. Dr. Davidson, Choirmaster at Harvard University, will conduct two rehearsals of patriotic songs at parade headquarters, 587 Boylston Street, on Wednesday, October 13, and Friday, October 15, 5.15-6.15, P.M. Enthusiasm and voices sufficient for general singing, only requisites. There will be a band of fifty pieces. Singers assured excellent seats.

Percy Lee Atherton,

Chairman of Music Committee.

March in the suffrage victory parade, Saturday, October 15, at 2, P.M.

All suffragists, men and women, are invited.

THIS MEANS YOU.

No special costume required. No expense involved. Complete instructions to those pledged will be mailed later.

Sign this pledge, cut out and send to Parade Committee, 585 Boylston Street, Boston.

I will march in the Massachusetts woman suffrage victory parade.

Name———————————

Address———————————

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THIS SUGGESTION IS WORTH TRYING.

WELLESLEY BUSINESS ASSOCIATION.

FIRST VESPER SERVICE.

The vesper service on Sunday, September 26, was conducted by Professor Whiting, who spoke on the subject, "The Spirit of Wellesley." Professor Whiting based her talk on brief notes taken from an extemporaneous sermon which Mr. Durant preached in College Hall Chapel in the fall of 1875. The service awoke in the new girls present a keener realization of the ideals for which Mr. Durant intended Wellesley to stand and again reminded the old girls of their obligation to uphold the Wellesley spirit.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Freshman—about to take her Physical examination—clothes herself in an "angel-robe," nothing more, and sallies above stairs. She wanders, seeking the torture-chamber, into the office of Miss Homans, where a Board meeting is in session.

Miss Homans: Well! Where do you come from?

Freshman (glibly): Buffalo, New York.

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ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

FRANCES WARREN PERSHING, 1903.

The Class of 1903 records, with deepest sorrow, the death of a classmate, dearly loved and honored —Frances Warren Pershing—and of her three little daughters, Helen, Anne Orr and Margaret. Wellesley holds, with us, the remembrance of her blithe originality, of her keen and unusual mental powers, of the wealth of vivid qualities that made of the gay, warm-souled college girl, the splendid, loyal woman, who later endeared herself to all those who came in close contact with her in the army world.

1903 not only mourns an unforgettable comrade, but rejoices in claiming as our own, the brave, rare friend whose spirit has enriched her college, her home and her country.

Elizabeth Crosby Torrey, Pres.
Theodora Nye McCutcheon, Treas.
Mary Beltzhoover Jenkins, Sec'y.
For the Class of 1903.

Mrs. Pershing—Frances Warren of 1903—looked very charming the last time that many of us saw her, at the Wellesley Off-Campus rally, on Wednesday, August 25th. At the dinner in the Massachusetts building "the girls" had provided each person with a novel and ingenious hat of various periods and mixed them up delightfully, the style of '85, with its shepherd's curves being given to a recent graduate, and the more modern ones to the grey-haired Alumnæ. There were some college mortar boards, and Frances Warren had one, perched at a true senior angle on her light hair. She sat at my right, as we were both of 1903, and both wore the class colors in roses. She was very gay and bright, but a little preoccupied, as one has to be when speech-making time comes. I had made mine in the afternoon, and so was free to listen and enjoy.

She made a delightful speech, amusing, witty and with a touch of seriousness, as she pleaded for no narrowing or specializing of college work. "I have found the Wellesley training I had has helped me in every way, from the care of my children to retiring from an audience with the Emperor of Japan, without tripping over a twelve-foot train," she said.

As she sat down there was warm applause, and I felt a glow of pride as I realized that I had not known before, charming as I knew her, how much there was in her. And in thirty-six hours that radiant spirit was gone, gone with her three little daughters! We who knew her can only follow her with thoughts of love and blessing.

Caroline Hazard.

At the Wellesley Rally in San Francisco last August, there were many noteworthy speeches, but among them all, I was most impressed by the touchingly beautiful tribute which Frances Warren Pershing paid to her Alma Mater. Her topic was, "What College Has Meant to Me." I can see her still, as she stood across the room, her face all softened and spiritualized, as she told us of the meaning of college to her. She began by saying that, as undergraduates, they all seemed carefree and happy-go-lucky and full of pranks, as if the teaching of college, perhaps, glided lightly off in the abandon of youth. "Miss Hart," she added, with her bright smile, "thinks, no doubt, I have forgotten all about unity and coherence, but whether or not we can practise all that we have learned, we have not forgotten it; somewhere in our minds and hearts and natures the lessons of college are stored and daily bear their fruitage. To-night, in loving tribute to our Alma Mater and to the fine women who must have thought at times, in teaching me, they were casting their seed on rocky soil, I want to acknowledge my debt." She recalled the fun of those college days, when, as she was climbing over the transom of a room in College Hall in the excitement of Tree Day secrets, she suddenly found her dangling leg firmly grasped by Miss Pendleton, then the head of the house, who demanded what she was trying to do. "I called back to Miss Pendleton, from the other side of the transom where my head was, that I wanted to get into that room to take a tutoring lesson in mathematics!" We all remember the Frances Warren of those days, with her fun-loving, deep laughter, her easy stride down the corridors, her contagious gayety, and her democratic ways. I have never known a more thoroughly democratic girl. After speaking of the good times of college as a background against which the deepening inner life of the girls went on so quietly and often so unobserved, she passed with a note of genuine feeling to the things college had given, tested by the years since. I hold in my hand now the paper on which I jotted down some of the points she made, in the phrases she used, for I thought what she said of the college was rarely significant and beautiful. She dwelt, first of all, on "the preciousness of its memories," how they sustained and gladdened and enriched the after years; on "the comradeship engendered there," the easy meeting and knowing and caring for many kinds of people, through work and play together; on "the friendships which grew out of this comradeship,—these are the "dearest assets of the college." But besides the personal and human satisfactions, college "quickened the desire to know;" something struck fire here and there in our natures, and made all of us aware of "many things we should afterwards like to explore. But more than this," she added, "college gives us an ability to lay hold of knowledge," to get at what we need and desire, and best of all, it gives "a latent sense of power to meet situations. It has helped me in every kind of crisis, great or small, from the time they brought me and laid in my arms my first baby, to the time I backed out of an audience with the Emperor of Japan in a train twelve yards long, so as not to knock down the paper walls of the palace!" She looked very noble as she stood speaking in a voice that had rich, sweet notes, and I realized, for the first time, what a marked gift for public speaking she had, in the quality of her voice, in her utter unconsciousness of self, in her convincing and simple genuineness, Her words came readily and fittingly and with happy variety. Her features were all suffused and glowing; she looked, with her fine brow, a competent, glad-hearted, loyal woman. This was her last complete night in this life, for between four and five in the morning of the day following, she and her three little girls perished in a fire which cut off their escape from second story bedrooms. Only her little five-year-old son, Warren Pershing, was rescued. At the table on the evening of the rally, there sat with her Polly Storm Walthall, who had lived in the same college house with her, and Ann Orr Boswell, who was one of her bridesmaids, and who, with her two children, was rescued from the Pershing house during the fire, Miss Hazard, Marian Kenney Brookings, Mabel Pierce and Mary Loomis.

Frances Warren was married in Washington, D. C., in 1905, to General J. J. Pershing. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and many of the Cabinet and Senate were present, the Senate having adjourned in honor of the event, and as a compliment to her father, Senator Warren. Much of her life since has been passed in the Philippines, where as wife of the commanding general of the army, she was called upon to take active social leadership. She kept her merry nature and simplicity just as she had as a girl. She was devoted to the cause of suffrage and an active worker in its behalf. I remember her excitement and enthusiasim when in the Collegiate Alumnæ Association, the question of the association's endorsing suffrage came up. Wellesley has lost, in Frances Warren Pershing, a loyal daughter, and the world has lost a woman who constantly added to its happiness, its kindliness and its abiding worth.

Sophie C. Hart.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In the first number for this year of the Magazine Supplement will appear an account of the Off-Campus Rally, by Professor Hart; the full report of the Graduate Council meetings in June; and, if possible, those reports from the Alumnæ Association committees for which space was lacking in the July Magazine.

ENGAGEMENTS.

'06. Anna L. Dickinson to Joseph B. Jamieson, Jr., of Fitchburg, Mass.

'09. Marion Webster to Andrew Travers Ewell.

'12. Minette C. Dryfoos to William W. Lowenstein of Canton, Ohio.

'12. Ruth L. Flanders to Paul Dawes Turner of Malden, Mass., Harvard 1909, Harvard Law 1912.

'12. Hazel Nutter to Charles Hapgood Westcott of Providence, R. I.

'13. Lina Carr to Alex Benecke of New York City.

'14. Ruth G. Beedle to Chester Robert Union, Harvard, 1910, of New York City.

'14. Helena F. Stewart to Philip White Dalrymple, M. I. T., 1912.

MARRIAGES.

Hyde—Chapon. On June 26, 1915, at North Cohasset, Mass., Lucille May Chapon, Instructor in French at Wellesley, to Henry Webb Hyde.

'05. Mastin—Halsey. On June 15, 1915, at Goffle Hill, Midland Park, N. J., Bessie Cadmus Halsey to Theodore Hoffmann Mastin.

'05. Hamilton—Neal. On June 21, 1915, at Newark, Ohio, Mary H. Neal to Arthur Hamilton.

'06. Kavanaugh—Ames. On June 28, 1915, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Alice C. Ames to Ernest Sherwin Kavanaugh.

'06. Pierce—Segar. On June 1, 1915, Helen Segar to Walter Smith Pierce, Amherst 1907.

'07. Lloyd—Page. On September 2, 1915, in Portland, Me., Mary R. Page to E. Augustus Lloyd, of Bound Brook, N. J.

'07. Bonnell—Knowles. On June 17, 1915, in Philadelphia, Helen S. Knowles to Henry H. Bonnell.

'07-08. Vernor—Freeman. On September 16, 1914, Kate Freeman, Graduate Student, 1907-08, to Paul H. Vernor.

'08. Loomis—McGarry. In Grafton, Mass., on September 21, 1915, Virginia McGarry to Robert H. Loomis.

'08. Perry—Rawn. In September, Isabel Rawn to Lockwood Perry of Asheville, N. C.

'08. Larrabee—Temple. On September 18, 1915, at Upland, Cal., Teneriffe E. Temple, 1904-06, to Laurence Lyle Larrabee, Ph.B., Brown, 1909, LL.B. Harvard, 1912.

'09. Atwood—Paul. On June 16, 1910, at Auburn, Me., Lena I. Paul to Harrison Atwood.

'09. Frazer—Rogers. On July 7, 1915, at Chatham, Mass., Inez A. Rogers to Rev. Guy Henry Frazer.

'09. Sumner—Robinson. On August 23, 1915, Margaret Wilcox Robinson to Edwin Roberts Sumner of Moorestown, N. J.

'09. Colburn—Spahr. On June 15, 1915, in Columbus, O., Marie D. Spahr to Stanley Childs Colburn.

'10. Babb—Conant. On June 19, 1915, Persis L. Conant to Hugh Webster Babb.

'10. Jones—Millar. On September 11, 1915, in Scranton, Pa., Eva Millar to Campbell Pinkney Jones of Baltimore, Md.

'11. Duguid—Elkinton. On September 10, 1915, Mary C. Elkinton to William M. Duguid of Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

'11. Howes—Noyes. On September 7, 1915, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Isabel F. Noyes to Ralph Edwin Howes.

'11. Prior—Taylor. On July 2, 1915, in Boston, Madeline Taylor, Cert. Hyg., 1911, to Allen Ames Prior, Harvard, 1912, of Cleveland, Ohio.

'12. Worthen—Bullard. On August 7, 1915, in Houghton Memorial Chapel, Wellesley, Dorothy Bullard to Joseph Washburn Worthen.

'12. Thomas—Goss. On September 18, 1915, in Boston, Helen K. Goss to Walter Frederic Thomas.

'12. Lawrence—Martin. On June 12, 1915, at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Myra A. Martin to Richard Hunt Laurence.

'12. Schuerman—Howe. On June 10, 1915, at Carrollton, Ky., Ruth L. Howe to Henry Berg Schuerman.

'12. McNally—Morgan. On August 28, 1915, at Skaneateles, N. Y., Almira S. Morgan to Robert Everett McNally, of Glens Falls, N. Y.

'12. Bauer—Rodman. On September 6, 1915, at Wellesley Hills, Ruth S. Rodman to Frederick R. Bauer of Brooklyn N. Y.

'12. Dennis—Summy. On June 30, 1915, in Chicago, Dorothy Summy to William Andrew Dennis.

'12. Dawkins—Bacheler. On June 30, 1915, at Talcottville, Conn., Muriel Bacheler to Edgar Bennett Dawkins.

'12. Kiewit—Carpenter. On September 15, 1915, in Omaha, Neb., Nell Carpenter to Ralph Walter Kiewit.

'13. Curts—Bradley. On June 26, 1915, Marion H. Bradley to Paul Holroyd Curts of Middletown, Conn.

'13. Galt—Clarke. On March 26, 1915, in New Orleans, Elizabeth Clarke to Robert Galt, Union Theological Seminary, 1914.

'13. Colver—Ross. On September 8, 1915, at Englewood, N. J., Alice M. Ross to Frederick Beecher Colver.

'13. James—Templeton. On July 14, 1915, in Exeter, N. H., Marion E. Templeton to Professor Charles James, of New Hampshire State College.

'14. Fall—Hammond. On September 11, 1915, at Malden, Mass., Marion N. Hammond to Lionel Fall, Dartmouth, 1913, of Malden.

'14. Guild—Merriam. On June 24, 1915, at Framingham, Mass., Emily D. Merriam, 1910-11, to Horace Guild, Harvard 1910, of Medford, Mass.

'14. Urion—Paul. On June 26, 1915, at Fitzwilliam, N. H., Katherine Paul to Henry Kimball Urion of Chicago.

'14. Hamilton—Rahr. On September 15, 1915, at Manitowoc, Wis., Augusta Rahr to Walter Lux Hamilton.

'14. Capen—Schmalz. On September 15, 1915, at Newton, Mass., Julia R. Schmalz to William Henry Capen of Newton.

'14. Jennings—Shuman. On June 16, 1915, in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Katherine Shuman to Dr. Charles W. Jennings.

'14. Williams—Willis. On June 23, 1915, at Reading, Mass., Margery Willis, 1910-11, to Charles Williams, Princeton 1908, of Nashua, N. H.

'15. Keep—Rylee. On June 17, 1915, in Stone Hall, Wellesley, Ruth Rylee to Ensign Howard Sanford Keep, U. S. N.

'15. Evans—Elkinton. On September 24, 1915, Anna R. Elkinton, formerly of 1915, to F. Algernon Evans, Haverford, 1899.

'15. Nicklaus—Endel. On September 4, 1915, Elizabeth Endel to Oscar A. Nicklaus, Ohio State University.

'15. Robinson—Neiffer. On September 1, 1915, in Philadelphia, Marie Neiffer to Chauncey Robinson.

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BIRTHS.

'02. On June 25, 1915, a son, Thomas Lewis, to Mrs. George E. Hallenbeck (Lydia Smedley).

'03. On July 21, 1915, a second son, Edmund Lukens, to Mrs. George B. Harvey (Evangeline Lukens).

'08. On June 24, 1915, at Syracuse, N. Y., a son, the second child, to Mrs. Edwin C. Witherby (Dorothy Hazard).

'08. On June 28, 1915, in Pittsburgh, Pa., a daughter, Martha Ann, to Mrs. Stuart L. Henderson (Gertrude Mevis).

'08. On August 30, 1915, in Denver, a fourth son, James Brewster, to Mrs. Lucius F. Hallett (Genevieve Pfeiffer).

'08. On September 8, 1915, at Montclair, N. J., a son, Alexander Hovey, to Mrs. George A. Campbell (Caroline I. Sawyer).

'09. On July 1, 1915, at Changli, North China, a son, James Howell, Jr., to Mrs. James Howell Pyke (Francis Taft).

'09. On August 19, 1915, a son, Russell Brown, to Mrs. Frank D. Brewer (Amy Brown).

'10. On July 7, 1915, a daughter, Mary, to Mrs. Lyndon E. Lee (Bertha Cottrell).

'12. On July 2, 1915, a son, Robertson, to Mrs. Robert Little (Helen Robertson).

'12. On May 15, 1915, a daughter, Ruth Kimball, to Mrs. Roscoe Suttie (Edith Hewitt).

'11. On July 21, 1915, in Pittsburgh, Pa., a son, James McCartney, to Mrs. Austin Lee George (Mary W. McCartney).

'14. On July 6, 1915, a daughter, Emilie Goulston, to Mrs. Carl Dreyfus (Sylvia Goulston).

'16. On August 10, 1915, at Wellesley, a daughter, Mariane, to Mrs. Edith Noera Hatch, 1912-13.

DEATHS.

At Riverdale, N. H , on August 30, 1915, Mary A. Morse, mother of Frank E. Morse, teacher of vocal music, 1881-95.

On August 8, 1915, at Indian Neck, Conn., Guy Stevens Callender, professor of Political Economy at Sheffield Scientific School, instructor in Science at Wellesley, 1895-96.

In Brockton, Mass., on September 3, 1915, Mrs. Emma Whitman Washburn, 1877-80.

On June 17, 1915, Daniel S. Dawley, husband of Emily Murdock Dawley, 1883.

In Hartford, Conn., on September 15, 1915, Mrs. George Jarvis Means, mother of Ellen Goodrich Means, 1885.

On July 29, 1912, Henry Weimar, husband of Alice Clark Weimar, 1886-88.

In the Sanitarium at Troy, N. Y., on August 31, 1915, Alma Beale, 1891.

In Boston, Mass., on June 26, 1915, Mrs. Andrew F. Leatherbee, mother of Florence K. Leatherbee, 1895.

In Brookline, Mass., on July 30, 1915, Mrs. Martha E. Stockwell, mother of M. Louise Stockwell, 1897, and Alice Stockwell Stahr, 1904.

In Lynn, Mass., on June 17, 1915, Lois Durrell Grover, nine-year-old daughter of Maude Durrell Grover, 1893-96.

At Woodstock, Vt., on July 28, 1915, Mrs. Anna Emerson Ely, mother of Amelia Ely Howe, 1898.

At Wellesley, on August 21, 1915, Mary Foster Cooke, sister of Helen Temple Cooke, 1894-99.

At Wellesley, on August 31, 1915, Mrs. Susan Parson Hall Blount, mother of Annette M. Blount, Sp. 1895-99.

In New York City, on June 12, 1915, Mrs. Mary Dana Knox, mother of Alice Knox Stanley, 1900, and Marjorie Dana Knox, 1912.

In San Francisco, on August 27, 1915, Mrs. John J. Pershing (Helen Frances Warren, 1903) and her three daughters, Helen Elizabeth Pershing, Anne Orr Pershing and Mary Margaret Pershing.

In July, 1915, the mother of Frances Terry Atkins, 1903.

On Fisher's Island, N. Y., on September 14, 1915, William Dulles, husband of Helen Rollins Dulles, 1905.

On February 2 , 1914, Alice E. Cummings, 1911-12.

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